

The following week the guys meet again in the parking lot. Without Tyler having to say anything, Bob crouches before him, allowing Tyler to mount him. Tyler has become his regular rider and both Tyler and Bob are happy with this arrangement. Bob prepares himself to adjust to Tyler's familiar weight and waits for him to find a comfortable seat. He lifts Tyler on his cue without problems, ready to carry his quarterback for the next 15 minutes.

Frank feels like riding Mark again, but Mark is reluctant to give him a shoulder ride. He has said the he didn't want to become Frank's regular ride, but deep down he's willing to submit to his desires. Tyler comes to the aid of Frank and tries to convince Mark to carry Frank, as a good workout for the running back because of Frank's weight. Mark, with a bit of reluctance, agrees to give Frank a shoulder ride. Tyler's persuasive skills and the prospect of a good workout convince Mark to crouch down and let Frank mount him. Frank, with a big grin, gets on Mark's shoulders, ready for the ride. As Frank settles into his comfortable perch on Mark's shoulders, Tyler encourages them, Come on, Mark! This is a great workout for you, and Frank enjoys it. You're doing the team a favor! Mark, determined to make it a good workout, stands up with Frank on his shoulders, adjusting to the additional weight.

Meanwhile, Bob and Tyler have already set off, with Tyler comfortably seated on Bob's shoulders. The familiar weight of his quarterback makes it a smooth and enjoyable ride for Bob. Tyler, looking over at Mark and Frank, calls out, Enjoy the ride, guys! It's a win-win! The group heads towards their favorite spot in the park, with Tyler and Bob leading the way. The atmosphere is filled with camaraderie, laughter, and the anticipation of another round of shoulder rides.

Mark, feeling the difference in the ride, curiously asks Frank if he's lost weight. Frank, still grinning from the ride, replies, Nope, still the same cowboy you know. Must be the hard work paying off for you, Mark! Mark chuckles and admits that he's still putting in effort to carry Frank's weight, but he secretly enjoys the workout. It's a challenge, but I kind of like it, Mark confesses.

Intrigued, Mark probes further, asking Frank about his experience riding on someone's shoulders. Frank, not one to hold back, shares his feelings, Man, it's exhilarating! You feel powerful up here, and the view is just something else. Plus, it's a blast knowing I'm giving you a good workout. Mark laughs at Frank's enthusiasm, realizing that despite the initial reluctance, he might be warming up to the idea of becoming Frank's regular ride. As Tyler and Bob take the lead, Mark watches in admiration at how effortlessly Bob carries Tyler. Mark can't help but hope that, with time and training, he'll gain the strength to carry Frank just as easily.

Tyler, sporting a white straw cowboy hat today, looks particularly manly in the combination of the hat and his football attire. Frank, always ready for a friendly banter, nudges Mark and says, Look at Tyler with that cowboy hat. He's got the whole rancher vibe going on. Mark smirks and replies, Yeah, the hat suits him. Adds an extra touch of rugged charm, doesn't it?

Meanwhile, Tyler is unaware of the discussion happening behind him. He enjoys the ride, occasionally giving Bob a cue for a slight adjustment. The group's banter continues, creating a lively atmosphere as they make their way through the park.

As Bob carries Tyler through the park, Bob checks in with Tyler to ensure his comfort. You still riding comfortably up there, Tyler? Bob asks. Tyler, with a genuine smile, replies, Absolutely, Bob! Your skills as a carrier are top-notch. I'm enjoying the ride! Bob beams with pride, appreciating the compliment from his rider. Glad to hear that, Tyler. Just let me know if you need any adjustments.

Behind them, Frank can't resist adding his own commentary. Tyler, I must say, your ass looks even better in those football pants from this angle. Bob, you're doing a great job showcasing it! Frank chuckles, injecting a playful tone into the conversation. Tyler laughs

along, Thanks, Frank! I'll take that as a compliment. Bob's the real MVP here, though. He makes it all possible.

Amidst the banter and laughter, Mark chimes in with a cheeky grin, Hey, Bob, those football pants really accentuate your ass. Looking good! Bob, feeling a bit shy under the unexpected compliments, mumbles a thank you. He's not used to being in the spotlight for his assets, especially while fulfilling his role as the carrier for the group. Tyler, always the encourager, jumps into the conversation, Mark's right, Bob. All that hard work you've been putting in is paying off. Your ass is getting more muscular with every ride. Bob, still adjusting to the attention, grins. Well, I'm here to get stronger and provide you guys with the best rides. If a more muscular ass comes with the package, I'll take it!

Tyler, enjoying the ride on Bob's shoulders, called out to him, Hey, Bob, mind slowing down a bit? Let's give Mark a chance to catch up. Bob, always attentive to his riders' requests, eased his pace to allow Mark to walk alongside. Mark, approaching with a grin, positioned himself next to Bob, creating a formation of carriers, shoulder to shoulder. Tyler, glancing over at Frank, couldn't help but notice his cowboy boots. Hey, Frank, are those boots new? They look sharp! Frank, a proud owner of the new boots, grinned widely. Yeah, just got them last week. Found them at that Western store downtown. Great deal! Tyler nodded in approval. Nice choice. I get mine there sometimes too. Can't resist a good pair of cowboy boots.

As they continued riding in sync, Tyler and Frank exchanged banter about their boots, discussing different styles and favorite stores. The synchronized adjustment of their cowboy hats prompted laughter from both riders. Frank chuckled, Looks like we're on the same wavelength today, Tyler. Even our hats are coordinating. Tyler, readjusting his hat with a smirk, replied, Well, when you spend as much time together as we do, it's bound to happen.

As they reached a more secluded spot in the park, Tyler signaled to Bob, Alright, Bob, let's take a quick break. Stop walking for a moment. Bob, obedient to Tyler's cues, came to a halt. Tyler adjusted his seat, shifting his weight slightly to find a more comfortable position. Looking down at Bob, he said, Bob, do me a favor and bow your neck a bit. It'll help me stay in the saddle comfortably. Bob, understanding the importance of Tyler's comfort, nodded and adjusted his position to accommodate Tyler's request. How's that, Tyler? Bob asked. Tyler, pleased with the adjustment, replied, Perfect, Bob. Thanks. Now, let me sort something else out. He shifted a bit again and then chuckled, You know, riding for ten minutes has its effects. I need a bit more space in the crotch area for, well, comfort. Bob, taking Tyler's candid comment in stride, grinned, No worries, Tyler. Comfort is key for both of us. Tyler adjusted his attire with a sly smile, not shy about sharing his feelings, There we go, much better. Alright, Bob, you can start walking again. Let's catch up with Mark and Frank.

As they continued their walk through the park, the banter between Bob and Mark about the weight of their respective riders lightened the atmosphere. Tyler and Frank, overhearing the conversation, exchanged amused glances, finding the discussion entertaining.

Bob, carrying Tyler, and Mark, with Frank on his shoulders, walked side by side as they chatted about the increasing weights of their riders. Bob, feeling the strain of Tyler's weight, joked, Tyler, my man, have you been hitting the gym and packing on some extra pounds? You're getting heavier up there! Tyler, grinning, replied, Well, Bob, you know, I've been lifting weights, but I didn't think you'd notice. I guess I'm just getting more robust. Mark, carrying Frank, joined the banter. Robust? More like downright heavy. Frank, buddy, have you been sneaking in some extra meals? You're making me work harder than ever. Frank, with a mischievous glint in his eye, chuckled, Mark, you know me, always hungry. But hey, a man's gotta eat, right?

The guys have reached their training spot in the park and, as the guys took a break in the grass, Tyler decided to give Bob some time to recover before the next round of training. Tyler, lying on his back, gestured for Bob to join the brief respite. Bob, grateful for the break,

crouched down and sat in the grass, catching his breath. Tyler, looking up at the sky, grinned. Enjoy the break, Bob. You've earned it. Meanwhile, Mark followed suit, finding a comfortable spot in the grass to rest. Frank, standing nearby, surveyed the surroundings with a content expression. The sun illuminated Frank's cowboy attire—boots, jeans, and a hat, exuding a rugged charm. Mark, lying down and glancing up at Frank, couldn't help but admire the cowboy aesthetic.

Frank, noticing Mark's appreciative gaze, chuckled. What are you looking at, Mark? Enjoying the view? Mark grinned. Can't help it, Frank. You look like a real cowboy out here. Frank adjusted his hat with a satisfied smile. Well, I do aim for authenticity. As Mark continued to relax on the grass, his eyes were drawn to the western buckle on Frank's belt, shining in the sunlight. The details of Frank's outfit added to the allure, and Mark found himself contemplating the idea of being Frank's seat.

On the other side, Frank, looking at Mark, was entertaining a similar thought. Should he ask Mark if he'd be willing to be his seat for a while? The playful banter and camaraderie between the guys had created an environment where such requests seemed more like friendly challenges than anything else. With a mischievous glint in his eye, Frank crouched down next to Mark. Hey, Mark, ever been a cowboy's seat before? Mark chuckled, propping himself up on his elbows. Can't say I have, Frank. Is it as comfortable as it looks? Frank grinned. Only one way to find out. How about giving it a try? Mark, feeling the camaraderie and always up for a new experience, nodded. Sure, Frank. Let's see if I can handle the authentic cowboy treatment.

Frank, with a playful glint in his eye, straddled Mark's stomach and settled down. The grass beneath them provided a comfortable cushion, and Mark looked up at Frank with a grin. Alright, cowboy, how's the seat over there? Mark teased. Frank chuckled. Not bad at all, Mark. Mark, feeling the weight of his friend, suggested, You know, Frank, you could slide forward a bit if you want. Maybe take a seat on the chest for a change. Frank raised an eyebrow. You offering, Mark? Mark laughed. Why not? It's all in good fun, right? With a playful maneuver, Frank shifted forward, moving from Mark's stomach to his chest. Mark adjusted himself, getting comfortable with the change in position. Now, Frank's thighs are next to Mark's head, and their proximity allowed for a unique perspective.

A sense of security and closeness settled over Mark as Frank settled onto his chest. His thighs enveloping Mark's view. Mark felt the weight of Frank, a presence that was both dominating and comforting. Frank, sensing the shift in dynamics, couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement at the unspoken understanding between them.

Tyler and Bob, observing the scene from their positions on the grass, exchanged glances. Tyler raised an eyebrow at Bob, silently acknowledging the intriguing turn of events. Bob grinned, appreciating the camaraderie and unique experiences that each Saturday seemed to bring.

Mark, securely positioned beneath Frank, felt a mixture of submission and contentment. The weight pressing down on his chest was considerable, yet he found comfort in the trust he had in Frank. They exchanged glances, and Mark couldn't help but smile. This is something new, isn't it? Mark remarked, breaking the momentary silence. Frank, a playful gleam in his eye, responded, Sure is, Mark. Figured we'd switch things up a bit. How's the view down there? Mark chuckled. Different, but not bad. Your jeans make for a cozy seat, cowboy. Frank playfully patted Mark's chest. Glad to hear it. Maybe we should make this a regular thing. Mark raised an eyebrow. Regular? We'll see about that. But for now, I'm enjoying the change.

With Tyler's direction, Bob laid down on his back, side by side with Frank. Tyler, wearing his cowboy hat with a mischievous grin, positioned himself over Bob's chest, settling comfortably onto his torso. Frank, perched on Mark's chest, observed the scene with interest.

Mark, his voice slightly muffled by the weight on his chest, chuckled, Hey, Frank, Tyler here has given me a taste of being sat on like this before. It's a different perspective, for sure. Frank grinned down at Mark, Is that so? Well, seems like we're in for a new experience today. Tyler, looking over at Frank, chimed in, Oh, it's definitely worth a try. Adds a whole new dimension to the ride. Encouraged by Tyler's words, Frank and Mark decided to explore this novel seating arrangement. Frank adjusted his position, shifting a bit forward to sit on Mark's chest alongside Tyler.

Bob and Mark found themselves in a unique side-by-side configuration, experiencing the weight and closeness in a different way. Tyler, enjoying the unfolding scene, quipped, How's the view from down there, guys? Mark, his voice still muffled, responded with a laugh, Different, but not bad. Feels like a tag team of weights. Frank added, Tyler, you might be onto something here. A double chest-sit, who would've thought? Tyler grinned, Glad you guys are enjoying the experiment. It's all about trying new things, right?

Tyler's suggestion to take a moment in their current position found agreement among the friends. Bob and Frank lay side by side on the grass, each with their rider comfortably seated on their chests. Tyler, sitting on Bob, turned his attention to Frank. You know, Frank, this is a pretty interesting setup we've got here. How about we enjoy our seats for a while before we get back to the training? Frank, glancing over at Tyler and then at Mark, nodded with a grin, Sure thing, Tyler. It's not every day we get to experience a dual chest-sit. Tyler chuckled, Exactly. So, Mark, how's it feeling with Frank on your chest?

Mark, looking up at Frank's shiny buckle and feeling the weight on his chest, responded, It's nice, to be honest. I'm used to carrying Frank on my shoulders, but this is a whole different vibe. His buckle is like a shiny distraction. Frank, tapping his buckle with a playful smile, added, Glad you appreciate the bling, Mark.

The guys, used to comment and tease each other on their butts, continue this tradition, even in their unique seated positions. Frank couldn't resist teasing Tyler. Tyler, I must say, your ass looks pretty cozy on Bob's chest in those snug football pants. It's like they were tailor-made for chest-sitting comfort. Tyler, playing along, responded with a smirk, Well, Frank, I could say the same about your cowboy butt in those Levi's. Mark, don't you agree? Frank's jeans are doing wonders on your chest. Mark, muffled by the weight on his chest, managed a chuckle and a nod. Bob, similarly amused, grinned beneath Tyler. Frank, tapping his shiny buckle, laughed, Alright, alright. Let's not get too carried away with the butt commentary. We've got a workout to finish, and Bob and Mark are probably getting impatient. Tyler agreed, True that. Sorry, Bob, Mark, we'll save the butt talk for after the training. What do you say we get back to it? Bob, ever the good sport, nodded, Sounds good, Tyler. I'm ready when you are.

Tyler took a moment to shift his weight forward, his eyes locking with Bob's as he hovered above his face. With a confident grin, he slowly settled into his seat. Feeling the warmth of Bob's face beneath him, Tyler let out a contented sigh. Ah, that's the stuff. You comfy down there, Bob? Tyler asked, adjusting his position to make sure he was sitting just right. Bob, muffled by the weight, managed a muffled response, Mmmph, all good, Tyler.

Tyler chuckled, glancing over at Frank. Your turn, Frank. Bob's in top form today. Frank, always up for a good ride, got up from Mark and crouched down beside Bob. He gave Bob a friendly pat on the chest before confidently taking his seat. Thanks, Tyler. Bob, you ready for the double feature? Bob, with a slight chuckle, managed to convey, Bring it on, guys.

Mark, sitting nearby, couldn't help but watch the scene unfold. You two sure enjoy your seats on Bob, huh? Tyler, still adjusting, laughed, Absolutely, Mark. It's a perk of the job. Frank nodded in agreement, Can't resist a comfortable seat and good company.

Tyler looked down at Bob and said, Alright, Bob, we're both counting on you to keep us comfy. How about some pampering for the next 15 minutes? Bob, ever the loyal carrier, responded with a muffled affirmation. Mmmph, pampering...it...is.

The trio settled into their routine, with Tyler and Frank enjoying their elevated seats, and Bob dutifully carrying the weight while providing the requested pampering. The banter and camaraderie continued, making the workout feel more like a shared experience among friends.

As Tyler settled comfortably on Bob's face, feeling the familiar warmth and support, he couldn't help but revel in the sensation. Bob, though grunting softly under the pressure, was holding up well, a testament to his endurance built over weeks of these unique workouts. Tyler grinned down at Bob, You're doing great down there, Bob. Feeling the burn? Bob, still muffled under Tyler's weight, managed to convey, Mmmph, getting...a solid...workout.

Meanwhile, Frank, sitting on Bob's stomach, observed the scene and couldn't hide his eagerness to take his turn. Tyler, enjoying your seat up there? Tyler chuckled, Always, Frank. Bob's the best in the business. Frank playfully patted Bob's chest, Hang in there, Bob. Your turn with me is coming up. Bob, who could barely respond, let out a muffled sound that resembled agreement.

As Tyler continued to enjoy his comfortable perch, he initiated a conversation with Frank, You're gonna love this, Frank. Best seat in the house. Frank, looking forward to the experience, responded, Can't wait, Tyler. Bob, you're in for a treat with my Levi's. Tyler, hearing Frank's comment, laughed, Bob's got a thing for Levi's imprints, Frank. You might leave your mark. Frank grinned, I'll make sure it's a good one.

As Tyler gracefully dismounted from Bob's face, a brief moment of relief crossed Bob's features. However, before he could fully catch his breath, Frank smoothly slid into position, taking the reins as the new rider on Bob's face.

Frank adjusted himself, making sure he was comfortably seated, and with a mischievous grin, he looked down at Bob. Alright, Bob, get ready for the Frank experience. Let's make this 15 minutes count. Bob, his face slightly flushed from the previous session with Tyler, managed a muffled response, Mmmph, bring...it on, Frank. Mark, now positioned on Bob's stomach, chimed in, Enjoy it, Bob! Frank's got a unique style. Frank, proud of his Levi's-clad rear, teased, Bob, my Levi's are known to leave an impression. Brace yourself.

Bob, a mix of anticipation and a touch of nervousness, could only produce a muffled chuckle. Frank's weight on his face was different from Tyler's, but it had its own charm. Feeling the denim of Frank's jeans against his skin added a layer of sensation, and despite the challenge, Bob found a strange comfort in the experience.

As Frank sat comfortably on Bob's face, the sturdy denim of his jeans made direct contact with Bob's skin. The texture was rough yet strangely comforting, adding a layer of intensity to the experience. Bob, though initially unsure about what to expect, found himself adjusting to the pressure and the weight, feeling the distinct imprints of Frank's Levi's on his face.

In Bob's mind, he pictured Frank's ass, snugly encased in denim, creating a visual that blended with the sensations he was experiencing. The Levi's hugged Frank's form, leaving Bob to imagine the curves and contours beneath. Frank's cowboy style added a layer of fantasy to the scenario, and Bob couldn't help but appreciate the uniqueness of the situation.

Frank, on the other hand, was reveling in the experience. Feeling the weight of his jeans against Bob's face, he found a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that he was leaving a mark – quite literally. The thought of his Levi's creating a temporary imprint on Bob's skin brought a sense of dominance and playfulness to the session.

With each moan, grunt, and squirm beneath him, Frank felt a sense of control and power. He adjusted his position, making sure he was sitting comfortably while relishing the fact that Bob was fully experiencing the weight and texture of his Levi's. The muffled sounds beneath him were music to Frank's ears, a symphony of submission and endurance.

Bob, despite the challenging workout, found himself immersed in the sensory journey. The rough denim, the weight pressing down on him – it was an unconventional form of intimacy and connection. As Frank enjoyed the ride, Bob focused on enduring the pressure, finding a strange satisfaction in the unique encounter with Frank's ass.

The afternoon was filled with double rides on Bob, each rider taking their turn in the front seat until it was time to get back. After Bob got a good rest, the decision was made to head back to the cars.

Without Tyler uttering a word, Bob instinctively crouches down, offering himself for Tyler to mount. Tyler has become his regular rider, and there's a mutual satisfaction between them. Bob readies himself for the familiar weight of Tyler and waits for the signal to lift, poised to carry his quarterback for the next 15 minutes.

As Tyler settles comfortably on Bob's shoulders, he glances over at Frank, gauging his interest in another ride on Mark. Frank, with a mischievous grin, expresses his preference for riding over walking and shoots a playful look at Mark. Mark, despite his earlier reservations, is secretly willing to fulfill Frank's desire.

Tyler, sensing the dynamics at play, decides to facilitate the situation. Hey, Mark, he calls, why don't you crouch down for Frank? It's just 15 minutes, and we all know he enjoys the ride more than the stroll. Tyler winks, knowing the playful rivalry between Frank and Mark. Mark crouches down as Frank approaches, ready to carry him on his shoulders. Frank, with a playful smirk, confidently mounts Mark's shoulders. As Frank settles into position, Mark lets out a grunt, feeling the weight of the 110 kg wrestler.

Take your time, Frank. Let me know when you're comfortable up there, Mark says, adjusting himself to bear the load. Frank took a moment to adjust himself, making sure he found the perfect seat. With a satisfied grin, he signaled to Mark, Alright, lift me up, big guy. Mark, grunting under the weight, responded, Here we go, as he hoisted the heavy wrestler onto his shoulders.

As Bob and Mark walked side by side, carrying their respective riders, they engaged in a conversation about the weight they were under. Bob seemed comfortable with Tyler's weight, his strong and well-built frame handling the load effortlessly. On the other hand, Mark was working hard to support Frank, the 110 kg wrestler.

Bob, grinning, glanced at Mark and commented, You're really putting in the effort there, Mark. Tyler's a breeze compared to Frank, huh? Mark, with a strained expression, replied, Yeah, Frank's no lightweight, that's for sure. But hey, it's a good workout, right? Bob chuckled, Well, if you enjoy it, that's what matters. But I gotta say, I do like being Tyler's regular ride. We've got a good rhythm going. Mark, glancing up at Frank, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the ride, sighed, I get that. But I never signed up to be Frank's regular ride. It's like he's having the time of his life up there.

Bob, sympathetically, said, Maybe you need to set some boundaries, Mark. Let him know you're not available for shoulder rides every time you meet. Mark nodded, You're right. I'll talk to him about it. But for now, let's just get through these 15 minutes. I feel like I'm carrying a small elephant. Bob laughed, Well, you know where to find me if you ever want to switch roles with Tyler.

As the carriers made their way back to the cars, the riders engaged in conversation. Frank, reveling in the pleasure of the shoulder ride, turned to Tyler with a thoughtful expression.

Frank: Hey, Tyler, you ever notice how Mark works hard under me? I mean, I love riding him, but I want him to enjoy it too. Tyler, adjusting his position on Bob's shoulders, responded, Yeah, it's quite a sight. Mark's putting in some serious effort. What's on your mind, Frank? Frank, grinning, continued, I'm thinking of making him my regular ride, you know? But he seems a bit hesitant. Tyler, with a playful smirk, teased, Maybe he's just not ready for the full Frank experience every week. Frank chuckled, Could be. But I want to help him get stronger. Any advice on how to convince him to be my regular ride? Tyler, looking pensive, suggested, Well, you could talk to him openly, let him know it's about the workout and camaraderie. And, of course, reassure him that you won't turn it into a wrestling match every time. Frank nodded, Good point. I'll have a chat with him. Thanks, Tyler.